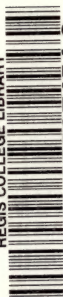


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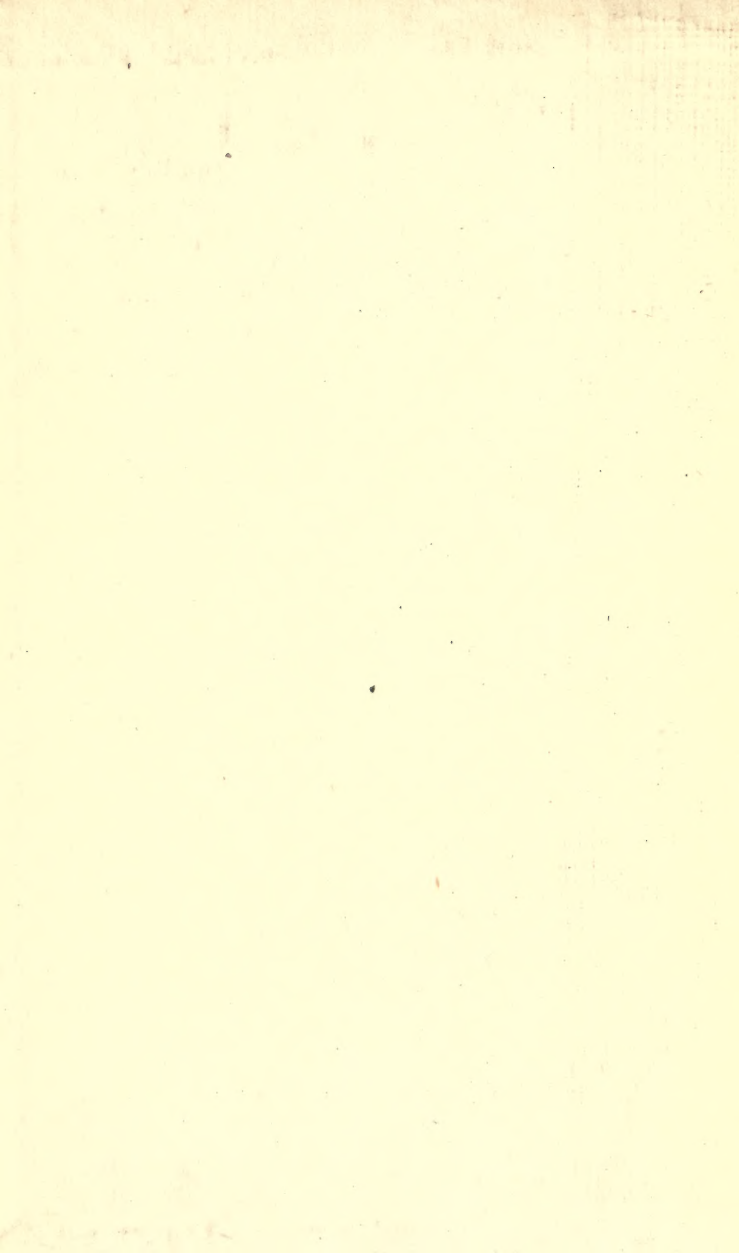
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*Holy Mass and
Communion*

BY W. ROCHE S.J.



Coll. Christi Regis S.J.
Bibl. Phil.
Torontonense





JESUS, MY DEAR, MY LOVE, MY LIGHT,
MAKE ME THEE LOVE WITH ALL MY MIGHT.

THE CHILDREN'S BREAD

PART I

HOLY MASS AND COMMUNION

BY

FATHER W. ROCHE, S.J.

HYMNS BY FATHER J. W. ATKINSON, S.J.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. BAINES, JUN.

MUSIC BY SINCLAIR MANTELL

"In education, as in life, a child gains continually by contact with the unfamiliar, at whose meaning it guesses. It is from the mind's tendency to conjecture that we learn to think."

NEW IMPRESSION

Coll. Christi Regis S.J.
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TO
EARTH'S GOODLIEST GUESTS
FOR THEIR ENTERTAINMENT
WHEN FEASTING
WITH THEIR LORD

NOTICE TO THE GUESTS.

No one may try to use all this book at one Mass. For one time, the pictures will be enough, if you look at each, lovingly and long: for another time, the words in italics, if you think over their meaning: for another, the hymns, if you sing them in your heart: or a few of the prayers: or a bit of each prayer: or a mixture of hymns, pictures, and prayers, four of each. . But always begin with the first page and end with p. 92, "Giving thanks." A little at a time, please. Don't rush.

THE ADORABLE SACRIFICE, ALL-WONDROUS AND SUBLIME.

Tell Yourself why you come to Holy Mass.

I come because God our Father calls me and bids me come. He expects me, is waiting for me and would miss me. I will not disappoint God.

He likes me and loves me. No one loves me half so much. I want to keep His love. I want to meet Him and get near Him and touch Him and love Him through Jesus His Son, our Lord, Who will soon be here on the Altar.

Tell Yourself what you mean to do at Mass.

I mean to give pleasure to God and thank Him and adore Him, and offer to Him the homage of our Lord's obedience unto death.

I mean to think about our Blessed Lord, to grieve over His Passion, and be glad of His Resurrection and Ascension, and to rejoice that He offers again the Sacrifice that saves the world.

I mean to creep into His Heart by the open Wounds and offer Him myself and all I do and say and think and all my love, that He may make them His own and present them to our Father in Heaven.

Tell Yourself what you hope to get by the Mass.

By the Mass I make sure of my place among God's dearest children and claim my share of the riches our Lord has won for us, and am fed with the Bread from Heaven—His Body and Blood.

6 THE ALL BEAUTIFUL AND SUBLIME SACRIFICE

Ask your Angel to nudge you from time to time to keep you attentive. Now make the sign of the Cross slowly and thoughtfully.

HYMN.

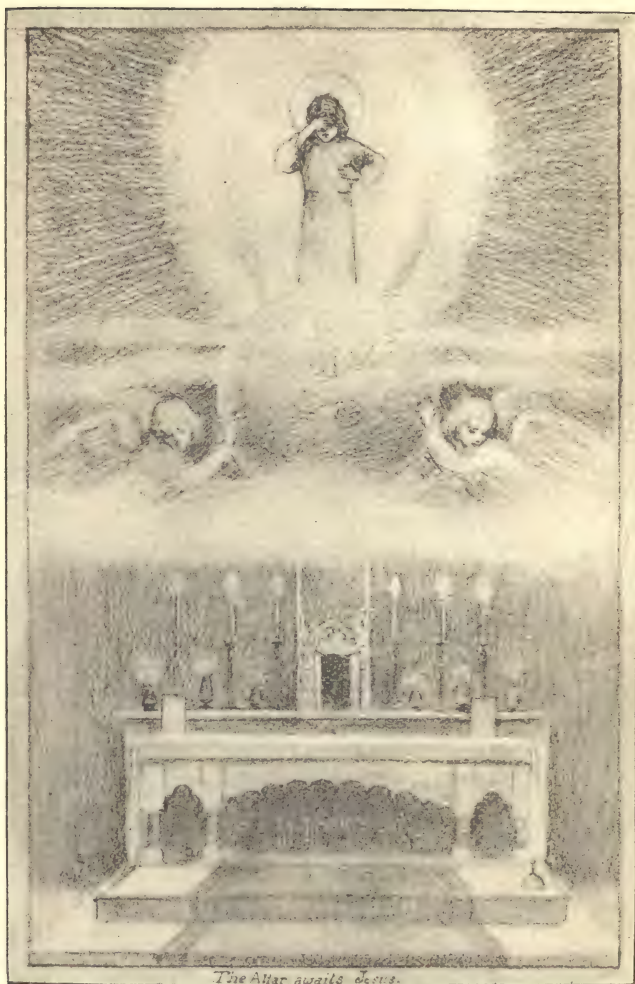
STAY there, distracting fancies,
Outside the door, while I
Kneel here to meet my Lord and King
Descending from the sky.

His altar waits to bear Him,
By love's word sacrificed,
In mystical oblation,
My Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Lord, give me strength and healing,
Give light that I may see,
Give gladness to my wayward heart
That I may comfort Thee ;

That all Thy bitter passion
May make me love Thee well,
And I may go rejoicing
Thy loveliness to tell.





The Altar awaits Jesus.

THE ALTAR AWAITS JESUS. IS YOUR HEART WAITING, READY ?

See our Lord in the glory of heaven looking down on the earth and grieving that we make not better use of His gifts.

JESUS AND THE ALTAR.

Dear Jesus, Jesus our best and sweetest Friend,
how complete would be Your happiness in heaven,
if on earth we did not sin, or if You could forget us to
enjoy only the company of the Saints.

But, because You look on us and will not give us up,
You keep coming back to earth each day ;
back to the world that crucified You so cruelly :
Coming now, not to the comfort of Your Mother's arms,
but to the cold altar-stone, to a place of Sacrifice,
in the midst of sinners : And yet You come and come.
For our sakes You make our poor Altar-Bread
Your Bethlehem, Your Cradle, Your Nazareth, Your
Cross, Your Throne of Mercy :

For our sakes, because :

Without You we cannot be good.
Without You we cannot please our Heavenly Father.
Without You we cannot make up for our sins.
Only with Yours can our prayers be heard in heaven.
Only with You are we any good at all.

So we make our Altars to invite You,
to give You a spot whereon You can satisfy Your love—
Your love of the Father and of all mankind.

On every Altar

You atone for our sins and our want of love,
You give joy to heaven and pour out gifts on us.

AMEN.

Jesus and you together can do great things. Have great hope in His power to help you.

HYMN.

My friend is Jesus : faithful He,
Of loyal love the flower ;
More than a brother's constancy
Is His from hour to hour.

A mother may forget her child,
He never can forget :
My heart from Him may be beguiled,
His Heart will seek me yet.

True help in pain I cannot lack
Nor ever toil alone :
He halves the burden on my back
And takes it for His own.

He will not lose me from His sight
Wherever I may stray ;
He watches o'er me all the night,
He guards me all the day.

God grant that I may try to be
As loyal and as true,
That He may always find in me
A love for ever new.





PLANT DEEP IN MY HEART, O JESUS, THE TREE OF LIFE
THAT IT MAY BEAR RICH FRUIT.

Jesus came down and saved the world by His Sacrifice on the Cross. He comes again in this Mass to carry on the work of the world's Salvation.

THE CROSS.

The Cross I see above the Altar tells me
a great secret,
the secret and the mystery of the Holy Mass.

For it is by the Cross and Crucifix, only by that,
I see what the Mass looks like from the floor of heaven,
where kneel the Angels and the Saints.

From my place in Church
Mass looks like a solemn ceremony, and nothing more ;
but to the eyes of heaven
the Sacrifice of Jesus on the Cross shows through,
shines like a mystic Sun
and lights up both worlds with its beauty.

Dear Jesus, crucified for me,
I want to see the Mass as Angels see it,
and as Your Mother and the Saints see it.
I want to know, dear Jesus, why You keep on showing
this amazing act of Sacrifice,
displaying it on so many altars daily.
Why were You not satisfied to do it just once,
once for all upon the Mount of Calvary ?

Teach me in this Mass more about Thy love,
Thy love upon the Cross.
Teach me also, dearest Jesus, why my life
cannot be all play and pleasure,
but needs the Cross to keep it sweet and good.

AMEN.

PREPARE TO WELCOME JESUS

HYMN.



God in heaven, O God our Father,
 Listen to us now, for see,
 Jesus Christ, Thine only Son,
 Loves and bids us every one
 Tell our wants to Thee.

In the Galilean village
 Nigh His Mother, Mary dear,
 Jesus was a child and played,
 Jesus was a child and prayed,
 So we cannot fear.

May Thy glorious name be hallowed,
 Make us to Thy banner true,
 Make us all with gentle mirth
 Do Thy holy will on earth
 As the angels do.

Daily feed us at Thy table,
 Give us bread that we may live,
 Keep the devil far away,
 And forgive us when we stray
 As we too forgive.



NOT WHAT I WANT BUT WHAT GOD WANTS.
WATCH, SAYS JESUS, AND PRAY WITH ME.

THE CONFITEOR. *Prepare to welcome Jesus by putting away from your heart all that displeases Him.*

ACT OF SORROW.

I am sorry there is sin in the world and I wish there was none.

It does so much harm to everybody and makes people sulky and sour, wicked and unhappy. I hate sin.

It makes them forget all the gifts of God, and all His goodness. I hate sin.

It made men very cruel to you, dear Jesus, for it was

Sin that beat you with rods,

Sin that crowned You with thorns,

Sin that put nails through Your hands and feet,

Sin that laughed at You and mocked You,

Sin that broke Your loving Heart.

I hate sin, I hate it. Save me, Jesus, save me from all sin, this day and every day.

I am sorry that I have ever sinned.

I wish every one would be good. I pray that my heart may never be made dark and sour by sinning. I pray it may be always sweet and pure and white as snow.

It is easy to please *You*, dear Jesus, and to be happy with *You*, and good in *Your* eyes.

Yet sometimes I have displeased *You*.

But now I am sorry and want to be sorrier and sorrier, so that I may never grieve *You* again.

May this Holy Mass take away my sins and make up for them and make me feel my sorrow in my heart.

AMEN.

PREPARE TO WELCOME JESUS

Own yourself full of faults.

HYMN.

JESUS, all my sinning
Since my life's beginning I confess ;
All my mean behaviour
Unto Thee, my Saviour, I confess.
I have been disloyal
To my Lord most royal, I confess ;
Heedless what I cost Thee,
Careless if I lost Thee, I confess.
I have wronged my Brother,
Pained dear Mary Mother, I confess ;
Thou hast been so tender,
Still my true defender, I confess,
Help has never failed me
When my foes assailed me, I confess ;
I was vain and foolish,
Wayward, Lord, and mulish, I confess.
All the fault was mine, Lord,
All the good was Thine, Lord, I confess ;
Help me, I implore Thee,
While my sins before Thee I confess.







GOD'S MERCY NEVER TIRES OF CHILDREN, NEVER
DESPAIRS.

THE KYRIE. *Ask the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost to pardon your sins and those of your companions and friends and every one.*

AT THE KYRIE.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, have mercy on us all,
have mercy, and pity our foolish ways,
and forgive, forgive our failings and our wilful sins.

Forgive us that we forget about Your love.

Forgive us that we do not love You more.

Forgive us that we do not long to be with You
as children long to be with those they love.

Forgive us if, when we kneel before Your face to pray,
we forget You are looking and listening,
forget Your Heart is longing to draw us to Itself,
forget Your Hands are stretched out to plead,
to call, to welcome, and to bless.

Forgive us Lord, that we forget—
forget Your pleading, and all-patient love.

O God of Majesty! O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
against *Thy love* only do we sin.

Others we thank, and forget to thank Thee.

Others we please, and forget to please Thee.

To others we give much time, and little to Thee.

Gladly we go with others who enjoy our company,
and forget that You would enjoy it more.

Forgive us, Lord, that we forget—
forget Your pleading, and all-patient love.

For the sake of Jesus, forgive us.

To give pleasure to His Sacred Heart, forgive us.

Because he loves us and wants us in Heaven,
have mercy and forgive.

AMEN.

HYMN.

Thou my Jesus art my King, Loyalty to Thee I bring. Love for Thee my heart shall nerve, Valiantly to wait and serve. Amen.

THOU, my Jesus, art my King,
 Loyalty to Thee I bring ;
 Love for Thee my heart shall nerve,
 Valiantly to wait or serve.

Kneeling humbly at Thy throne
 In Thy hands I put my own ;
 Homage do I swear to Thee
 Long as all my years may be.

Make me brave and keep me true,
 Whether skies be grey or blue,
 Seeking underneath the sun
 No reward but Thy " well done ! "





GLORY TO GOD, WHO EXACTS NOT, BUT GIVES AND GIVES
WISELY.

THE GLORIA. *Be glad that God became Man to help us.
His great glory is His goodness in coming to us.*

THE GLORIA.

Glory be to God on high,
and peace on earth to men of good will.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we adore and glorify Thee,
O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Almighty Father,
we give thanks because of Thy great glory.
O Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son,
Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father :
Who takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us :
Who takest away the sins of the world,
receive our prayers :
Who sittest at the right hand of the Father,
have mercy on us :
since Thou alone art holy ; Thou alone art Lord ;
Thou alone, O Jesus Christ, together with the Holy Ghost,
art most high
in the glory of God the Father. AMEN.

Praise to Thee, Jesus Christ, the Saviour of us all,
the children's dearest Friend !
For if all the brave, heroic, good and devoted deeds
of the whole world were heaped together,
they would show as nothing
beside this one Act of Thine in the Holy Mass.
It surpasses and out-values all.
We thank Thee and glorify Thee with all our hearts.
AMEN.

HYMN.

Glor
Spirito.

to the Son, to the Spirit Three in One. Amen.

GLORY to our God on high
 From my lowliness I cry,
 To the Father, to the Son,
 To the Spirit, Three in One !

Praised and blest for evermore
 Be the Godhead I adore,
 Worshipping Thy royal state,
 Thankful that Thou art so great.

Saviour, by Thy Father throned,
 Thou Who hast for sin atoned,
 Be Thou pitiful and mild,
 Listen to a sinful child.

Thou art holy, Thou art Lord,
 In the highest heaven adored,
 Praise to Thee for endless days,
 Praise from men, from angels praise !



THE COLLECT. *Pray for what you specially want.
Pray for all the people present and for all the world.*

OREMUS.

Teach me to pray, dear Jesus, teach me to pray,
not only to *say* my prayers, but really to *pray*.

Others, dear Lord, can tell me what to say,
but only You can lead me on to pray.

So teach me, do, and help me
to send my thoughts out beyond my words,
to lift my heart to heaven,
till I see myself touching our Father's hands,
and climbing into His arms and Yours
and having communion with Him and You
in every prayer I say.

Make me know, dear Jesus, make me understand
that I have more need of true prayer
than of any other thing on earth :
that I need it more than I need
lessons or play, my breakfast or my bed :
that I need it as I need Your love.

I want Your love and care and blessing.
So let me never fail to reach out to receive it,
each morning, at mid-day, and at night,
till with my very eyes I see You face to face,
and with my arms embrace You closely
and on my lips receive Your kiss.
Till then may I often *touch* You with my thought.

AMEN.

Wish to know more about our Blessed Lord, about His life on earth, His life in heaven, His life in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.

HYMN.

JESUS, as Thou once didst teach
By the lake or in the village,
Drawing men with homely speech
From their fishing or their tillage,
Teach me also how to be
True to Thee.

Give me also of Thy ruth,
Light to know Thy gospel guiding,
Let me learn Thy words of truth,
Make me docile and confiding,
So that all my life may be
Framed on Thee.

Little lore have I to-day,
Knowledge still with labour earning,
Teach me in Thy gentle way,
Help me, Jesus, in my learning,
So that I may quickly be
Taught of Thee.





BID YOUR ANGEL CARRY YOUR GIFTS UP TO THE ALTAR.

THE GOSPEL *is our Lord's teaching.* "*This is my Beloved Son,*" said the Father, "*Hear ye Him.*" Mark the three Crosses upon yourself to show you do.

AT THE GOSPEL.

What good news You give us, Jesus, of our home in heaven and our Father there.

He loves our world, You say, and sent You to take away our sins, lest sin should keep us away from Him.

He gives us life and breath and bread and all sweet things and health and happiness.

He has mercy without measure and delights to show it to us mortals whom, loving our littleness, He made of the dust. We cannot see or feel Him but we know :

He carries children in His arms and looks to see His image in their eyes and is kinder, far far kinder than any mother.

He counts each hair and eye-lash, every curl, and holds small hands and fondles tiny fingers, and notices everything.

He loves me and never tires of me, day or night or anywhere.

He looks out for me in the Church to give me things. He enjoys having me with Him just for love. He longs to listen to the voice of my heart in prayer.

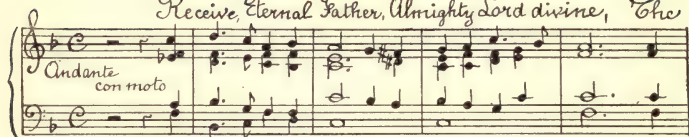
I know our Father is like this, because He is like You, dear Jesus. All Your kindness and sweet nature is from Him, as my image in the glass is from me.

Such is Thy Gospel, O Jesus,—such Thy great good news of our Father in Heaven.

Give Him then my love, my best love, all the love of all my little heart. I want to send it by You to Him Who first sent You to me.

HYMN.

Receive, Eternal Father, Almighty Lord divine, The



spotless bread we offer, The fragrant cup of wine. Amen.



RECEIVE, eternal Father,
Almighty Lord divine,
The spotless bread we offer,
The fragrant cup of wine.

Thy Son Himself will change them
To be His Flesh and Blood,
Our Victim of redemption,
Our saving drink and food.

Through Him may we be lifted
To kinship, Lord, with Thee,
Who stooped to take our nature
And came a child as we.

AMEN.





The offering to the bread

WHO GIVES HIMSELF, GIVES ALL—PURE MIND, PURE HEART,
PURE HANDS, PURE LIPS, PURE EVERYTHING,

THE OFFERTORY. *The Bread and Wine are now offered. They will become the Body and Blood of Jesus. With Jesus we offer ourselves, loving Him and the Father.*

AT THE OFFERTORY.

O Eternal Father, all loving and most kind,
I offer to Thee
this Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus
as He offered it on the Altar of the Cross.

I offer it to thank Thee for Thy goodness,
to honour Thy Majesty,
and to make up for my negligence and sins.
I offer it for my parents, relations, friends and everyone,
that we may all gain Eternal Life.

Together with my Saviour, accept also me myself,
accept my whole self: body and soul, just as I am,
mind and heart, eyes, hands, ears, and tongue.

I mean always to use these priceless gifts
as You intended, not just to please myself.

Into Thy hands I put these, Thy gifts,
asking Thee to take and receive and keep me as Thy own,
and make use of me for Thy glory.

I would not waste what belongs to Thee,
nor harm and spoil
what Jesus died upon the Cross to save,
and what He comes here to claim for Thee.

AMEN.

With Angels and Archangels and all the Blessed sing in your heart for joy that Jesus comes again.

Be full of hope and also very grateful, for the hope of the unthankful melts away as the winter's ice.

HYMN.

A HUNDRED thousand welcomes
Be Thine, my Lord and King,
And let their glad Hosannas
Adoring angels sing.

Thou comest not in grandeur,
Thy state is laid away ;
In lowliness like Bethlehem's
Thou travellest to-day.

And here's an inn to take Thee,
My body for Thy bed,
Where holy thoughts shall tend Thee
And love shall lap Thy head.





EN-CIRCLED BY ANGELS, HEAR THE PLEADING OF THEIR
MUSIC, SUPPORTING ALL YOUR PRAYERS.

THE PREFACE *introduces the most wonderful and mysterious act of worship in heaven or on earth.*

AT THE PREFACE.

Every Mass reminds us of Palm Sunday when Jesus left the pleasant company of loving friends in Bethany, and came, from that place hidden behind the hill, into the crowded city, ready now to crucify Him.

Its sins drove gladness from His Heart,
and though the children cheered, He wept big tears.

He is coming now, coming from afar,
from beyond the mountains and the clouds of earth,
from the hidden, happy Paradise where dwell
His Mother with Martha and Mary and all the Saints.
He is coming to this Church, coming to show us
what was done, in those days, in Jerusalem,
and to act His part in the whole world's tragedy.

May *He* not have to weep over our ingratitude ;

Rather let *us* weep bitter tears of sorrow
because the world's sin crucifies Him again.

O dearest Jesus, would that I might see Thee,
and run all day long by Thy side, singing

Hosanna to Thee in the highest,

Hosanna for ever in my heart !

Blessed be Thou ! Lord God ! Saviour and King !

All children's Friend ! our Brother !

Holy Thou art,
holy and kind, holy and homely and sweet,
and Thy fame is for ever in heaven and on earth.

AMEN.

HYMN.

Come my Jesus I am waiting, Waiting for Thee here,
Allegretto.

Full of love and ardent longing, Banishing all fear. A-men.

COME, my Jesus, I am waiting,
 Waiting for Thee here,
 Full of love and ardent longing,
 Banishing all fear.

Not an angel nor Thy Mother
 Could content me now ;
 None can satisfy my craving,
 Jesus, only Thou.

Come to-day and come to-morrow,
 Come each dawning day,
 While the flood of life is flowing,
 Till it ebb away ;

Till my heart be still for ever,
 Till my voice be dumb ;
 Then with open arms to meet me
 Come, Lord Jesus, come.





ALL LIFE NEEDS FOOD FROM GOD, THE ONE LIFE-GIVER.

THE CANON *is the prayer that goes with and covers that sublime act of worship which is the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ.*

AT THE CANON.

Never most loving Father do You forget us.
Never do You cease to think of what we need,
of what will comfort us, and make us good.

You see to all our food and clothing,
working marvels and miracles more than we can count.

For in the earth, in the fields and gardens,

You turn soil into flour for bread,
grass into flesh for food, and rain into juice of fruits.
You change dust into diamonds, clay into precious stones.

But here, in the Church, are Thy *greatest* miracles.

We offer Thee, O Eternal Father, this Sacrifice of Jesus,
in which our Bread and Wine become

His Body and Blood.

We know it will please Thee, because in His Heart

You find obedience perfect and love without limit.

We receive from Thee the Sacrament of Jesus,
knowing It can work changes in our spirit
more wonderful than any in the fields.

We pray this Sacrament may make
our proud minds humble,
our stubborn wills submissive and obedient,
our selfish hearts brimful of love,
our earthly nature heavenly and divine,
changing to celestial gold
the common actions of our daily life.

AMEN.

Ask big blessings for mother and father, relations and friends. Pray for all people that they may be good and love one another and please God.

HYMN.

LORD, remember Thou my dear ones,
Thanklessness to whom were hateful,
Loved ones far away and near ones,
Lest I ever grow ungrateful.

Have them always in Thy keeping,
Let Thy tender mercies find them,
Bless them waking, bless them sleeping,
Till their years are gone behind them.

Give them all Thy best of graces—
Faith and hope and love together,
Health and strength and happy faces,
Courage in Thy wintriest weather.

Bring them safe, when life has vanished,
Where Thy saints have ever found Thee,
Where all sounds of grief are banished
And is only joy around Thee.



THE MEMENTO. *At no time and in no way can you pray better for your parents and every body than in the sacred Canon of the Mass.*

AT THE MEMENTO.

Through the Holy Mass, O Lord,
bless the Pope and Bishops and Priests
and all who work for Thee.

Bless and protect my father, mother, brothers, sisters,
the friends and servants of my home, and all my relations.

Bless my companions and my teachers.

Bless the poor and make them patient.

Bless the rich and make them generous.

Bless the sick and the dying that they may trust in Thee.

Bless all nurses, lest they grow weary and impatient.

Bless all who help Thee to feed and clothe us,

the work-people, merchants, and labourers on the land.

Bless our nation, guide those who rule us.

Bless and guard our sailors and our soldiers.

Bless every child and its parents.

Bless all the Earth.

Bless also all in Purgatory,
and make them ready soon to enter Heaven.

AMEN.

HYMN.

Great God Almighty, Reigning in splendour, Father so tender,

Maestoso f

Take Thou Thy gift, Thoughts may be flighty, Words they may falter,

Christ on His altar We will up lift. A-men.



GREAT God Almighty,
 Reigning in splendour,
 Father so tender,
 Take Thou our gift :
 Thoughts may be flighty,
 Words they may falter,
 Christ on His altar
 We will uplift.

Father supernal,
 Welcome each giver,
 Bless and deliver
 Us from Thy blame :
 Grant us eternal
 Life in Thy gladness,
 Safe from all sadness,
 To honour Thy name.



Remembering Our Lady and the Saints.

JESUS TAKES GREAT NOTICE OF HIS MOTHER'S WISHES.

COMMUNICANTES. *You are a child of Heaven's Queen and a comrade and companion of the Saints. Ask God for Our Lady's sake and the sake of the Saints to help you to serve Him bravely.*

COMMUNION WITH THE SAINTS.

Come, O Blessed Lady, sweet Mother of God,
Come, great Queen of all the heavens,
and bring with thee thy Angels and the Saints
and all the people and children of Paradise,
to kneel with us in spirit around this Altar
and join us in this Holy Sacrifice.

When I shut my eyes I can see you all
gathered about the Priest, and gazing upon
God's Blood in the Chalice and God's Body in the Host,
adoring both, and praying for us here.
Do pray for me and for all mankind
that we may understand better
the sweetness and the beauty of God's love
in this Holy Sacrifice and Sacrament.

Remember, O Blessed Mary,
it was in His first Mass on Calvary
that Jesus made you be our Mother.
Make me therefore more thy child by every Mass.

Remember, all ye Saints, all ye children of heaven,
remember that you owe your happiness to this Sacrifice.
Pray for me, pray now
that I may value and may love the Holy Mass
above all things on earth.

AMEN.

Claim the prayers of your friends in heaven. All the Saints and Angels are your friends. They are more than friends. Speak freely with them.

HYMN.

MARY MOTHER, on whose breast
Jesus found His early rest ;
In whose arms He lifeless lay
On His Passion's awful day ;
Speak to Him for mine and me.
Could Thy Son say No to Thee ?

Holy Angels, you who sing
Alleluias to our King ;
You who hasten east and west,
Bearing grace at His behest ;
Speak to Him for mine and me,
He will listen to your plea.

Blessed Saints, who lived and died
Faithful to the Crucified ;
You who follow where He leads,
Chanting in the heavenly meads ;
Speak to Him for mine and me,
Voyagers on life's rough sea.





LOOK AT THE LIVING BREAD, AND LONG TO HAVE IN
YOU ITS LIFE.

THE ELEVATION. *Fix your eyes on the Sacred Host, saying, there is "My Lord and my God." He was made man for me. Bow down and adore Him.*

THE SACRED HOST.

O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, in the Sacred Host,
My Lord and God,
You are very humble, very patient and self-effacing,
You lie still on the Altar like one dead.
You are lifted up before our eyes as if helpless.
You show less Majesty or Manhood
than when You were lifted high on the Cross
for all the world to see the disgrace
and the suffering and humiliation
our sins had brought upon You.

O Jesus, though You are God, able to do all things,
You will not use Your *power* to get Your way,
not to force or frighten or compel us.
But, O marvel ! You stretch it to the full
to lower and humble Yourself, to hide Your splendour,
to hide it even more in the Host than on the Cross.
This You do to draw out a little love from our dry hearts,
'Tis *our love* You seek, cost what it may to Yourself,
because the obedience which
makes us good and happy,
must be the fruit of love.

AMEN.

JESUS IS HERE NOW

HYMN.

Consecration of the Bread.

At the supper-table
Jesus, taking bread,
Giving thanks, He blessed it,
Broke it, and He said :

“ ’Tis my very Body
That I give to you ;
Do for My remembrance
What you see Me do.”

Jesus, I adore Thee
Present in this hour,
Lying on the altar
Through Thy words of power.

Consecration of the Wine.

At the supper-table
Jesus, taking wine,
Turned it to His life-blood
By His might divine.

“ Take this cup and drink it,”
Jesus said, “ for, lo !
’Tis my Blood to wash you
Whiter than the snow.”

Jesus, I adore Thee
Come to earth again,
Hidden in the chalice,
Mystically slain.





THANK JESUS, THANK HIM WITH YOUR HEART, FOR
LOVING YOU SO MUCH.

THE ELEVATION OF THE CHALICE. *Look at the Chalice, saying, there is "My Lord and my God." He shed His Blood, dying for me. Bow down and adore Him.*

THE SACRED CHALICE.

Dearest Jesus, I adore Thy Precious Blood
which the Priest has now in the Chalice.

I offer It, with him, to our Eternal Father
in atonement for the sins that made Thee bleed.

I am sorry, sweet Jesus, that wicked men
wounded Thy Head and Hands and Feet and Side
and cut Thy Body all over with cruel rods
till Blood ran out in big red drops.

I am sorry that sin did this to Thee.

And yet I am glad too, yes glad, dear Jesus,
because without this dreadful bloodshed
no one could have known how much You love us.

No one could have guessed that Your love
would make You bear so much.

It made You let men tear off your clothes,
and mock You and nail You to the wood.
We know that with one wish You could have killed them,
or stopped them, or made Your Angels tie their hands.

But Your love would not let You have this wish,
rather it willed to show itself by suffering all.
This great love it was, and not the nails, that held You
stretched out for hours on the Cross.

And it is this love, not our power, this same love
that now fills the Chalice with Your Blood.

AMEN.

Pray for the dead ; and for all who are to die to-day.

HYMN.

HAVE pity, Lord, have pity
On all the countless dead,
From countryside or city
Who face Thy throne of dread.

Remember, Thou Who sparest
So gladly at our need,
Remember what was fairest
In thought and word and deed.

Forget their long delaying
To do as conscience bid,
Forgive their wilful straying—
They knew not what they did.

For sight of Thee they languish,
With love of Thee they pine ;
Take pity on their anguish ;
Have mercy, they are Thine.





HE INVITES YOU TO SHARE HIS RISEN LIFE AND GLORY.

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION. *The Mass shows us the Passion, not in the darkness of Calvary, but in the bright and glorious light of heavenly immortality.*

THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

It fills my heart with gladness, Jesus, thinking of Your victory over wicked men and death.

I am glad You did not leave Your Body always in the tomb ; glad You made It alive again with a new and glorious life.

I am glad You did not depart to heaven secretly, straight from the grave.

I am glad You came out of the tomb into the garden, and walked again along the roads and hill-sides, and on the shores of the Galilean Sea.

I am glad You did not leave the earth till hundreds of people had met You and seen Your risen and immortal Body :

Till our Mother and her friends had been often in Your company, asking You questions and listening to Your words.

I am glad the Apostles were on Mount Olivet to see You off, when, in triumph, You went up into heaven.

I am glad that in the Body Which men had crucified You ascended, to sit, crowned in majesty and power, upon the Throne of God.

I am glad that same Body is here in the Host to sanctify us and promise our poor bodies immortal and glorious life like to Its own.

Help me, Jesus, Lord of Glory, to think always of these things with pleasure, with joy, with gratitude and with great hope.

AMEN.

HYMN.

Moderato.

Jesus most merciful, Ten-derest Friend, Christ whose com-
 -passion has Ne-ver an end, Lovingly, longingly,
 Here at Thy Feet, "Pi-ty us, pi-ty us," Lord, we repeat.

JESUS most merciful,
 Tenderest Friend,
 Christ Whose compassion has
 Never an end,
 Lovingly, longingly,
 Here at Thy feet,
 "Pity us, pity us,"
 Lord, we repeat.

Never one asked of Thee
 Mercy unheard—
 "Come with your load to Me,"
 This was Thy word.
 Jesus, all-bountiful,
 Hear while we call,
 Pity us, pity us,
 Pity us all.





INTO THY HANDS, O JESUS, I PUT MY LIFE, MY HAPPINESS,
MY WORK, MY PLAY, MY EVERYTHING.

THE END OF SACRIFICE. *The aim of Sacrifice is to acknowledge that we belong to God and should do His Will. Our Lord does this in our name, and we should do it with Him.*

CONSECRATION OF SELF.

I should like to be the child in the picture,
the child in Your arms, dear Jesus.

Let me be so, I beg and pray.

I put my soul into Your hands,
and my heart into Your Heart,

my will into Your will,

my love into Your love,

and all myself into Your power and service.

Into Your keeping I put all I have,

and with You I offer myself to our Eternal Father.

Take me up, dear Jesus, present me to Him.

Tell Him I want to be His true child,

to do His will, the way it is done in heaven,

as it was done by You on earth,

cheerfully, at once, and for love.

Harness me to Your yoke, O Jesus

and make me go the way You want

along the road of life.

AMEN.

*Like a fragrance, breathe out to Jesus your good wishes
and your love.*

HYMN.

THE flowers upon Thy altar wreathe
In beautiful array,
To do Thee honour as they breathe
Their fragrant life away :
Take, Lord, the posy that I've brought
To waft my prayer above—
The lilies of my whitest thought,
The roses of my love.

The lamp before Thy altar shines
And worships with its spark,
From morning till the day declines
And through the hours of dark :
Take Thou my heart, that it may glow
And burn for only Thee,
That strangers to Thy love may know
To find Thee out through me.



THE OUR FATHER. *The merit of our Lord's Sacrifice makes us chosen children of God. We may now call Him Father.*

Say the OUR FATHER.

TO GOD OUR FATHER.

O God, Who made us all, and Who
bringest new children daily into the world :
O God, Who art more than Father and Mother in one,
and most true, tender and homely in Thy love :
O God, who sendest Bread from heaven daily
to make us grow fit to live with Thee
in never ending happiness :
O God, Father Eternal, Giver of all good things,
we praise, we thank, we honour, we love Thee.

We wish to do Thy will and please Thee,
for Thine own sake, for what Thou art,
also because Thou sendest Jesus to us,
and because, like Him, Thou art always patient,
never cross or angry and set against us ;
and because if we go astray You follow secretly
to meet us when we turn to Thee.

Like Jesus, You are easily pleased,
asking very little and giving very much.
Like Him You forgive and forget our sins,
Like Him You remember only our good deeds,
taking pleasure in every good wish and thought,
and noting it for reward hereafter.

AMEN.

Each good thing is a gift from God, a gift with His love to you. Be grateful. Thank Him, thank Him with your heart for everything.

HYMN.

SINCE it gladdens Thee if I
Seek to praise Thee, nothing shy,
Thou Who gavest speech to man,
Let me praise Thee as I can.

Praised be Thou of flower and tree,
Praised of plain and hill and sea,
Praised of fish and bird and beast,
Praised of creeping things the least.

Praised be Thou of wind and calm,
Praised of thunder's rolling psalm,
Praised of ice and snow and sleet,
Praised of rain and cold and heat.

Praised be Thou of heaven and earth,
Praised of stars that sing their mirth,
Praised of angels, praised of men,
Praised again and yet again.



LAMB OF GOD. *Our Lord continues to take away our sins. The power and virtue of His one oblation in the Mass, over-balances the evil of the world.*

LAMB OF GOD.

O Jesus, Lamb of God,
have mercy on me,
and take away my sins, and take away
all liking for things that lead to sin.
Save me from the folly that is in myself.
From sulky moods, save me ;
from bad temper, save me ;
from quarrels and hatred, save me ;
from disobedience, save me ;
from lies and cheating, save me ;
from hidden and secret sins, save me.
Oh, let me not be like a mule,
stubborn and stupid,
but like a lamb, like a little child,
like Thee, sweet Jesus,
meek and gentle and loving and of use,
ready to bear burdens that are heavy,
ready to give up my own pleasure,
if so I can help others and please Thee.

O Lamb of God, come to me,
come often, come soon, come now,
and give me peace and snow-white purity,
by union and Communion with Thee.

AMEN.

A lamb is every child's delight, so happy is it and obedient. Be you like a lamb as was Jesus.

HYMN.

LAMB of God, for our salvation
Offered up in love's oblation,
Have compassion on Thy nation,
Save us from our wilful loss :
Bring to nought our empty scheming,
Shatter all our foolish dreaming,
Turn our eyes where, bright and gleaming,
Shines the standard of the cross.

Save us from the world's false glitter,
Save us from its joy so bitter,
Make us seek for prizes fitter
In Thy blessed Will divine :
Shake our pride until it tumble,
Teach us to be meek and humble,
Give us peace that cannot crumble,
Endless peace with Thee and Thine.





BEHOLD, I COME, I COME TO GUARD, TO KEEP, TO
SANCTIFY THE LIFE YOU PUT INTO MY HANDS.

I AM NOT WORTHY. *No one can be really worthy. It is always of His kind mercy that Jesus comes.*

LORD, I AM NOT WORTHY.

The Roman soldier ran out from his house
to stop Jesus from coming in.
"I am not worthy, Lord," he said, "I am not fit
that You should come under my roof.
My servant indeed is very ill and near to die,
and I want and beg You to cure him.
But You need not come in, nor touch nor see him.
One word of Yours, one word is enough :
Say but the word and he shall be healed."

You were pleased, dear Jesus, and praised this man
because he saw Your power did not depend
on sight or touch or bodily nearness,
but on Your word, Your will.

Give me, dear Jesus, a faith like his,
a faith beyond sight or touch or feeling,
a faith in Thy plain word.

I pray that I may always trust Thy word,
Thy word of absolution that cures the soul of sin,
Thy word of invitation : "When burdened, come to Me."
Thy word : "Let little children come."

Jesus, I am a little child. I am not worthy.

But I come, I come to Thee.

Say the word and make me worthy :
Come then into my house, under my roof,
and live with me.

AMEN.

Patience, courage and peace are gifts of Jesus in the Mass.

HYMN.

THOU hast said, " My peace I leave,
Peace I give you while I go " ;
Though my sins Thy Heart may grieve,
See Thy church with faith aglow,
Grant it peace that it may be
One within and one with Thee.

Thou hast done Thy Father's will,
With the Holy Spirit's aid,
Dying on the shameful hill
That our debt might all be paid,
Free my soul from sin and guilt,
Then do with me as Thou wilt.

Let Thy holy Blood and Flesh
Which I dare to take and eat,
Stir Thee not to wrath afresh,
When I face the judgement-seat ;
Be they, Lord, for Thou art kind,
Healing to my heart and mind.





LOOK AT THESE FOUR PICTURES ONE BY ONE. SEE YOURSELF WITH JESUS. SAY THINGS OUT OF YOUR HEART TO SUIT EACH FIGURE, AND SO HAVE SPIRITUAL COMMUNION WITH HIM.

COMMUNION. *Now receive our Lord in spirit, and if you may, in the most Holy Sacrament.*

ACT OF WORSHIP.

I adore and worship Thee, great Lord of Glory,
now present in my little heart.

I want to worship Thee with all my might.
What *words* to say for worship I do not know.

But what we children *do*, I know :
We worship with a kiss, a fervent kiss.

That is our way.

Accept it, sweet Lord, from me, a child.

Stooping low, slowly, with solemn reverence,

I kiss Thy feet—Thy wounded feet,

I kiss each foot,

I kiss each hand,

I kiss Thy wounded Heart,

I kiss Thy forehead,

I kiss and kiss Thy gracious lips.

Accept a child's worship in a child's way,

O Great Great God, King of Glory, Jesus, Friend,

Accept my best act of adoration,

my worship full of simple fervent love.

AMEN.

ACT OF LOVE.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, I love You.

I cannot tell my love in *words*,
nor feel it always in my heart.
But love You I do—I know I do.
I know it—when I think of You.

I like to hear the stories of Your life :
That shows I love You.

I like to look at You, a Baby in the Crib :
That shows I love You.

I like to see You in Your Mother's arms :
That shows I love You.

When I think of Your boyhood, at just my age,
a bright, sweet-natured, gracious boy,
my gladness shows my love.

When I watch You with little children,
my heart is touched
and I wish and I long to be one of them.
That shows my love and that I love You.

When I look at the door of the Tabernacle, sweet Jesus,
and remember You are locked in for me,
my heart grows warm with wondering love.

And when I reflect You are present with me now,
my pleasure proves my love.

And when I see the pictures of Your passion,
My eyes run, sometimes, full of tears.
Is that not love ?

Jesus, I love You. You see and know I love You.
May I love You more and more.

AMEN.



JESUS, BLESS MY HANDS.

JESUS, take my hands in Yours and bless them, bless them both.

Hold them tight in Your two wounded hands.

Let them feel the pressure of Your grip, and never let them hurt Your wounds by any sinful act.

They are more Your hands than mine because You shaped each finger, fastened each bone to bone, and framed all with flesh that lives and feels.

Guide, then, what my fingers do with pen or pencil, toys or tools.

Train them to all useful service and kind deeds.

And never let them steal or strike in anger.

Make them willing to work, ready to help, like Your own most holy hands that toiled and healed the sick and washed poor people's feet.

Bless my hands, my right hand and my left.

Jesus hold my two hands in Your own.

AMEN.

ACT OF CONFIDENCE

I will hold on to Thy hands, O Jesus,
will hold Thy two hands, and not let them go.

I will make Thee my life-long Friend.

All others must one day leave me,
part from me, and I be alone.

But You need never go away.

When I leave my parents and go alone to school,
You will be with me.

When I leave the shelter of my home for the wide world,
You will be with me.

When I leave this earth for eternity,
You will be with me.

Others, my Jesus, may get tired of me ;
You will never tire.

Others may misunderstand me ;
You will always understand.

Others may not want me,
may find me a trouble, in the way ;
You will always welcome me
and find me worth Your care.

So I will make You my Friend,
my first, my dearest Friend.

AMEN.



JESUS, BLESS MY LIPS AND TONGUE.

JESUS, bless my tongue which Thy Holy Body has just now touched.

Bless my lips. Keep them from every evil use.

Guard them from unkind words, from contradiction, from grumbling, from lies ;

also from rude answers and impertinence.

Give me power to hold my tongue, to check and guide it. Left to itself it is wild, untamed, and lightly carries me away.

It has in it no sense of right or wrong, no rule of its own.

Help *me*, then, to control and guide it.

O Jesus, bless and bless my lips and tongue.

AMEN.

A PETITION.

My Jesus, Lord of Glory and lover of mankind,
Your love is never idle,
and Your mercy goes on and on for ever.
I bless You, I praise, I thank You.
It is a pleasure to think of Your splendour,
but I delight more in the sweet memory
of Your life here long ago,
when You sat among little children,
and took them in Your arms,
and made them feel very happy.

O Lord Most High, King of Heaven, Saviour of the world,
have mercy on me, pity me, and love me.
Carry my soul safely,
as the Shepherd carries the little weak lamb,
until one day, with all the Saints,
I see Your face,
and feel the endless joy of Your big embrace.
Help me to keep good from day to day,
in hope of the happiness of living with you
and with Your Mother
and the Saints and Angels in heaven.

AMEN.

**JESUS, BLESS MY EYES.**

Jesus, bless my eyes, my two eyes.

Put Thy hand upon them and sign them with Thy Cross.
Shut them to all evil sights.

Open them to seek and find good everywhere.

Give me eyes that wonder at the beauty of Thy trees,
Thy fields, Thy magic sunlight and Thy sea :

Eyes like Thine, that trace Thy Father's finger marks
upon the flowers and blossoms, upon the wings of
butterflies and feathers of sweet birds :

Eyes that see His thoughtful hand-work in summer
fruits, in things sweet to the taste or bitter, in all
things fit for food.

Give me kindly, gentle eyes, eyes frank and clear, that
show my soul is sweet and white.

Bless my eyes again, and grant that, in the end, these
eyes, these eyes of mine, may see and gaze right
freely upon Thy Face. AMEN.

ACT OF FAITH.

I know, sweet Jesus, Who You are and how great and wonderful.

You alone are God's true and real Son,
the one and only Child born in the bosom of God,
born in the highest heavens.

You are the Father's Treasure, His joy and pleasure,
His very image, God, like Him.

His equal in splendour, beauty, majesty and power.

You are heaven's sunshine and delight.

Angels, in rings around Thee, sing together
and shout for very joy to see Thy Beauty.

And yet, dear Jesus, You came down from heaven
to make Yourself our Friend.

You were born a tiny Babe, a true human Child,
to be like us as well as like Your Father,
to be our Precious Treasure as well as His.

You lived our life on earth, You bore our sorrows,
You carried each of us in Your Heart.

And now in the Sacred Host
You come down in a new way into our world,
down to the Altar here, bending the heavens,
stooping ever lower, lower even than at Bethlehem,
till we can touch You and kiss You with our lips,
till *we* can carry *You* in *our* hearts.

O Jesus, be Thou to me what Thou art to heaven,
sunshine in my mind and a holiday in my heart.

Be Thou my strength, my joy, my Saviour.

AMEN.



JESUS, BLESS MY EARS.

Bless my ears, dear Jesus, bless my ears, that they may listen only to what is good and right to hear.

Open them to be attentive when the Church or any one speaks as with Your voice, as it were You speaking to me.

Close them, keep them deaf to talk that is unfair, irreverent or unkind: to words that are not nice or seemly.

Jesus, bless my ears through which come messages from Thee, and knowledge of the things of heaven, and stories of Thy life on earth.

Sign Thy Cross anew upon them, right and left, as when You first made me a Christian in the happy hour of Baptism. AMEN.

ACT OF HOPE.

Dear Jesus, I have need of many things
some for body, some for soul.

For the body's food and clothing,
You bid me look to my parents
and hope in them.

For my lessons and the like,
You bid me turn to teachers
and hope in them.

But for virtue, for wisdom and real goodness,
for all inner goodness of the heart,
You bid me look to You,
and hope in You, in You Yourself,
present in this Sacrament.

Upon You, then, will I lean back, close,
until Your strength pass into me.
In You shall be my hope.

For good sense to be obedient,
I hope in You.

For courage to speak the truth,
I hope in You.

For charity and friendship to all,
I hope in You.

For wisdom to keep ignorant of evil things,
to be not curious about them,
I hope in You.

For the spirit of reverence and prayer,
I hope in You.

For the pardon of my sins,
I hope in You and Your Atonement.

For all good things,
I look to You with hope.

AMEN.



JESUS, BLESS MY BODY.

Jesus, bless me, bless all my body, every part and power.
Bless each heart-beat, every breath.

May it serve You every moment, in work and play, in
sleep, in growth, whether ill or well, in pleasure or in
pain, in every state and movement.

Let it be Your house, Your holy house, Your temple.
Live with me in it always, where I will serve and wait
upon Your will.

You built the house, shaping each limb, knitting them
together, and clothing all with living flesh.

Face and form, eyes and ears, each sense, each hair,
is Your idea, Your design and work : so it all belongs
to You.

Bless, then, Your house, bless it from within, from where
now You are.

Use it, treat it as Your own, and, in the end, lift it, carry
it from the earth to be immortal and glorious with
the Angels in heaven, like Your Own Blessed Body
that is now here with me. AMEN.

A TALK WITH JESUS.

The Child to Jesus.

I wonder sometimes, Jesus,
Why You keep thinking of me,
Why You suffered for me,
Why You come to me in Holy Communion,
Why You live on the Altar for me.

I suppose You like me and love me,
and I wonder why.

But if You love me,
Why do You leave me here, where people scold me,
and make me do things I don't like ?
Why don't You take me to heaven at once
if You love me ?

Jesus to the Child.

Yes, I love you,
that is why I made you.
Yes, I love you,
that is why I think of you all day long.
Yes, I love you,
that is why I don't bring you at once to heaven.

In love I leave you on the earth a little while,
that you may come to heaven by *My* way,
the way I chose to walk in,
the way of victory by self-conquest,
by glad obedience, by reverence and truth,
the way of love and friendly service.
Then shall you wear a radiant crown like Mine.

ACT OF LOVE.

JESUS, let me not be mistaken about my love.
To love Thee is to love *what Thou art*,
and what Thou lovest *in Thyself*.

Thou art Truth and lovest to be true.
Thou art Charity and lovest to be kind.
Thou art Merciful and lovest to forgive.
Thou art Obedient and lovest to obey.

So, if I love *Thee*, I must love to be
true, obedient, forgiving, kind.
Then shall I truly love *what Thou art* :
and grow a little like to Thee,
and thereby win Thy love.

Help me, Jesus, help me to like and love
the virtues of Thy Heart,
and practise them daily in my little way.

AMEN.

A QUESTION.

The Child to Jesus.

Show me, dearest Jesus, the meaning of my life.
Show me what life is for, and what is my business here.

I like to know what things are for,
and why they are this way and that.

So about myself, what for am I? Why here on earth?

It cannot be just to eat, play, grow, dress,
suffer, die, and be buried in the ground.

That cannot be all, it would be silly.

There must be something more.

What is that *more*? that more which tells me all?

You made me, Jesus, You put me in this world.

Why? and for what? Tell me, Jesus, make me understand.

Why do I hear so much about self-denial and the Cross?

Why can't I have things just as I like?

Why am I always seeking nicer things, longer pleasures,
more perfect friends?

Why can't the world give me all I want?

Why do its joys leave me often sad and tearful?

It is a queer world, Jesus, and why am I here?

And what is the meaning of me?

AN ANSWER.

Jesus to the Child.

It's true, my child, the pleasant things on earth
are not good enough to satisfy you.

You are immortal, made to last for ever.

They are all mortal and fade like flowers.

It is ever-lasting things you want,
things that will not wear out or grow old.

Earthly pleasures get stale and tiresome, or pass too
soon, flying away like a wild bird from an open
cage.

Only in heaven are nice things ever-lasting.
So you'll never be satisfied till you get there.

A little bit of heaven, like a fragment or a spark,
has got into the middle of your heart.

That's the trouble with you. A happy trouble !

That's what makes you wonder so much, and
want things to be perfect.

That's what starts so many questions.

It's the bit of heaven that stirs and grows in you,
as a seed does under-ground.

Hold to that bit of heaven in your heart,
or you'll become like the creatures
that just eat and sleep and go about and die.

They have no trait of heaven in their lives,
no vision of better beauty, no hope of a finer world.

Wish not to be like the beasts that perish.

GIVING THANKS.

For coming down from heaven to us,
Jesus, we thank Thee.
For coming as a little Babe,
Jesus, we thank Thee.
For being born among the poor,
Jesus, we thank Thee.
For growing as we grow, and feeling what we feel,
Jesus, we thank Thee.
For suffering cold and hunger as we suffer,
Jesus, we thank Thee.
For loving little children,
Jesus, we thank Thee.
For blessing and caressing them,
Jesus, we thank Thee.
For taking away our sins,
Jesus, we thank Thee.
For saving us from evil,
Jesus, we thank Thee.
For coming to us in Holy Communion,
Jesus, we thank Thee.
For living with us in our souls,
Jesus, we thank Thee.
For staying upon our Altars,
Jesus, we thank Thee.
For sharing with us Thy Mother's love,
Jesus, we thank Thee.
For making us her children,
Jesus, we thank Thee.
For every good thing that comes to us,
Jesus, we thank Thee.

AMEN.

TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

Sweet Mother of Jesus,
this is another heavenly day for me
because thy Son, Who once lay little in thy arms,
has come to rest in me.

He dwells deep within the affections of my soul,
and the arms of my heart are around Him.
He whispers me to look out at you and speak to you.
He will not stay unless I love you
and have you for a Mother.

His life-giving Flesh now feeds my soul.
His life with mine now mingles, like wine in water.
Be thou then nurse and Mother of that twin life,
His and mine together inter-fused.
He is thy Son, and, through Him, I am thy child.

Turn, then, to me,
bend over my little soul with a Mother's blessing :
stoop lower till I can kiss thy lips and feel thy love.
I will be thy little child.

Be thou the Mother of God's life in me.
Help me to be like Jesus when He was a Child like me.
Help me to keep the image of Him in my heart.
Help me to think His thoughts
and to share His sweet nature
and do the things He would do.
Help me to love Him as He was with thee at Nazareth,
as He is now with thee in heaven, as He is here with us
in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.

AMEN.

HYMN.

WHEN low in the east the dawn is breaking
And birds are waking
To chirp and trill,
Do Thou protect my rising and dressing
With grace and blessing
From aught of ill.

When night decends upon hight and hollow
And bright stars follow
Their queen the moon,
Take thou, O Lord, in Thy gentle keeping
My dreamless sleeping
Till day come soon.

Through every moment of light and shadow,
In street or meadow,
At work or play,
Come, dear Jesus, and stay beside me
To shield, to guide me,
By night, by day.





INDULGENCED PRAYERS.

O KIND and most sweet Jesus, before Thy face I humbly kneel, and with most fervent desire I pray and beseech Thee to impress upon my heart lively sentiments of faith, hope and charity, true contrition for my sins, and a firm purpose of amendment ; while I contemplate with deep affection and grief Thy five most precious wounds, and ponder them in my mind, having before my eyes the words which David long ago spoke of Thee in prophecy : “ They pierced My hands and My feet ; they have numbered all My bones.” AMEN.

SOUL of Christ, sanctify me. Body of Christ, save me.

Blood of Christ, be as wine to me.

Water from the side of Christ, wash me.

Passion of Christ, strengthen me.

O good Jesus, hear me. Within Thy wounds hide me.

Permit me not to be separated from Thee.

From the wicked enemy defend me.

In the hour of my death call me. And bid me come to Thee,

That with Thy Saints I may praise Thee

For ever and ever. AMEN.

I made a song for the *world* to an air
That rippled with peaceful glee,
But the world was heavy with earthly care
And gave no heed to me.

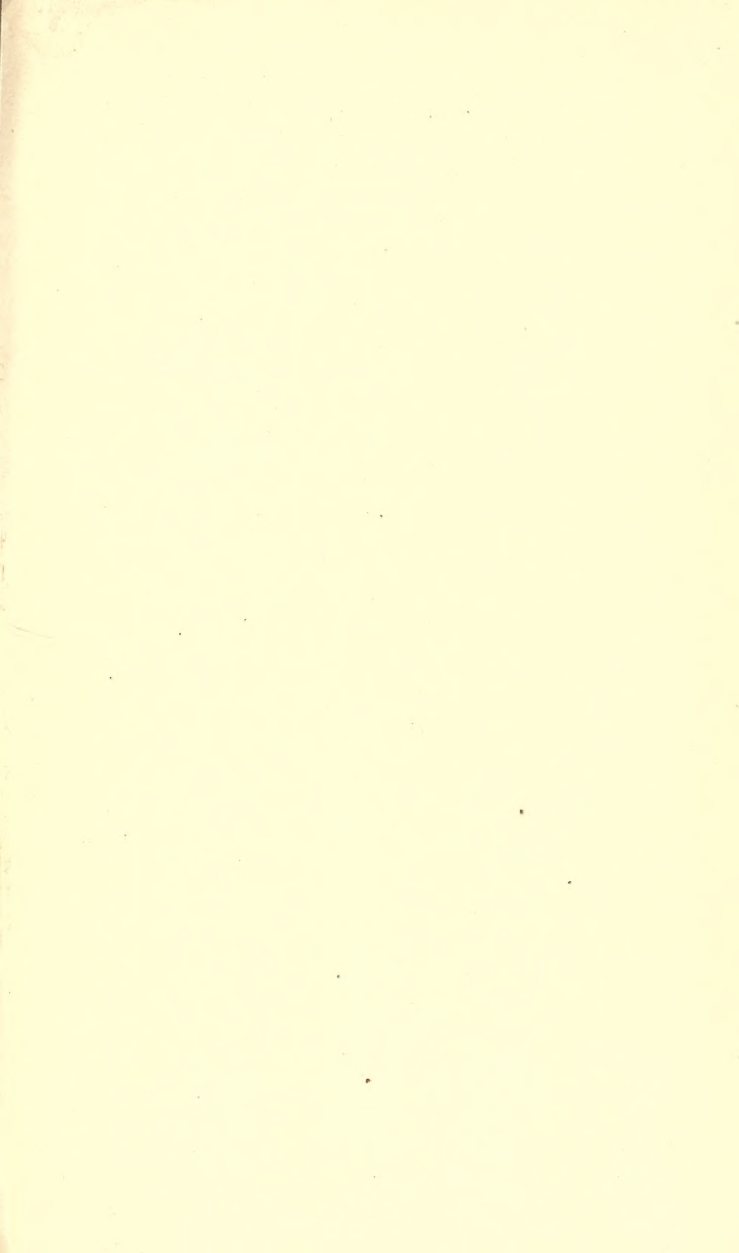
I made a song for a *child* to sing,
Who learnt it and sang it long,
And I found when he ceased from carolling
His life had become my song.

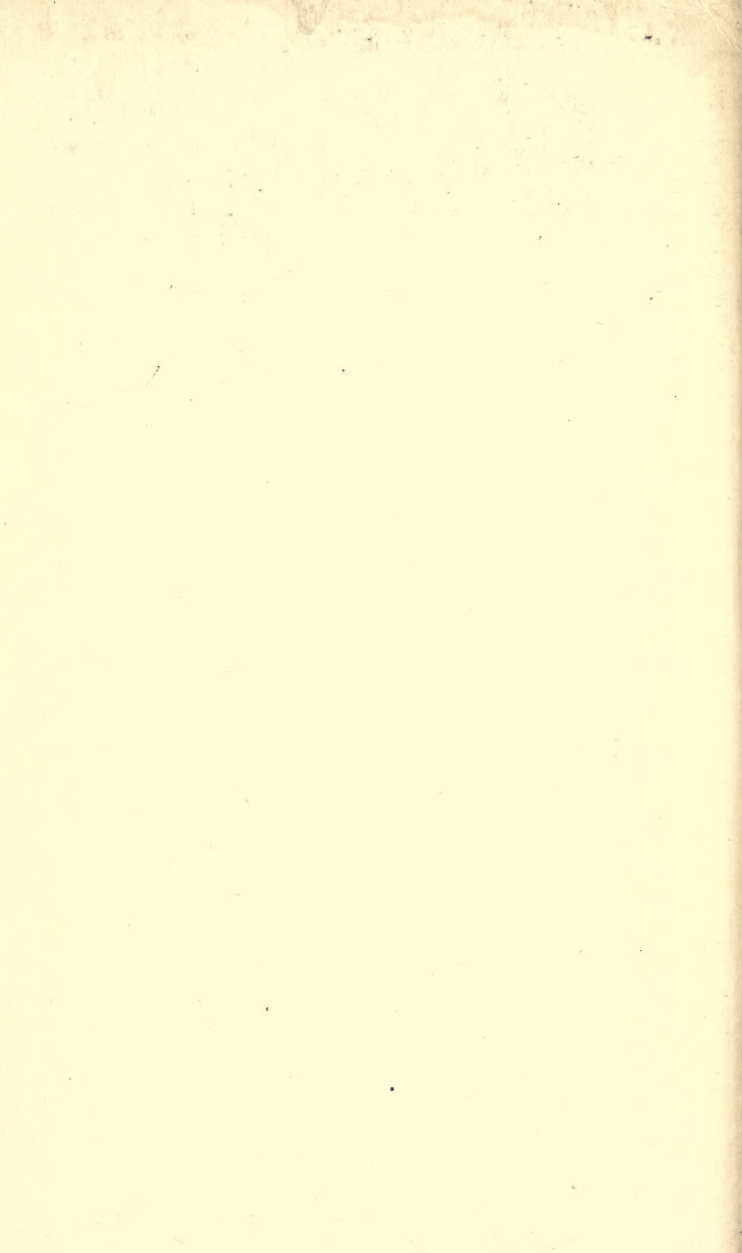
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